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Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of Infants & Children

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. **NOT NARCOTIC.**

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Pumpkin Seed -
Aloe Senna -
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Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and **LOSS OF SLEEP.**

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At 6 months old
35 DROPS - 35 CENTS

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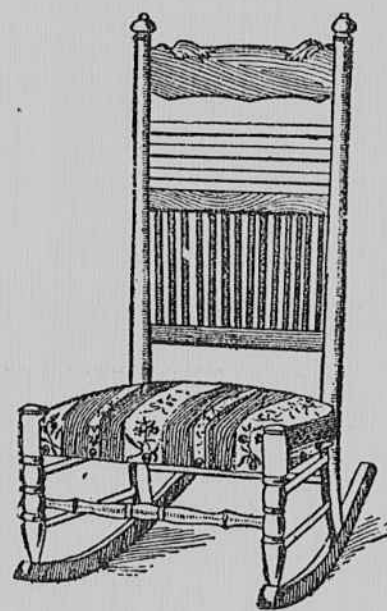
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Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." See that you get G-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

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The only safe, sure and reliable Female PILL ever offered to Ladies, especially recommended to married Ladies.

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THE CYCLIST'S NECESSITY
—CURES WOUNDS, BRUISES, SUNBURN, CHAFINGS, INSECT BITES AND ALL PAIN.

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SKETCHES BY M. QUAD

An Ace Better.

One day there arrived at Prairie City a man from Grizzly Gulch—a bold, bad man, with long hair, a voice like the roar of a lion and a terrible thirst for rich red blood. He stood on the public square and whooped till he drew a crowd. Then he flung down his hat and cried out that Grizzly Gulch was full of bars and rattlesnakes and centipedes and alligators, but that every varmint and reptile fled in terror at sound of his footsteps. He said he had been scalped by Indians, run over by wild horses, struck by lightning, pursued by a prairie fire and drawn down by quicksands, but he still lived and was hungry for human ears fried in bacon grease. When things went his way, he was as good natured as a baby and would go a mile out of his way rather than disturb a sleeping coyote, but when things went wrong, then look out! He could remember the names of 21 men he had buried, and he had a poor memory at that. He was naturally a peaceful man, but once aroused he could not hold himself and would not be responsible for damages.

The stranger continued talking in this strain for a quarter of an hour, by which time the crowd had taken his measure. He had stopped for breath and was getting ready to jump on his hat again when a man who had been leaning against the front of a shanty saloon lounged over to him and drawled out: "Stranger, what did ye say ye hailed from?"

"From Grizzly Gulch, sir, and Grizzly Gulch is the beginning of Fightin' creek!"

"And ye've killed men?"

"Aces of 'em."

"And held towns?"

"A dozen of 'em."

"And yer name? What might yer name be?"

"My name? Whoop! Thar ain't a critter in this hull kentry what don't tremble when he hears it! My name, sir, ar' Three Ace Jim."

"So?" drawled the Prairie City man.

"Waal, I'm sorry fur ye, really sorry."

"Don't go fur to rile me!" shouted the stranger as he flung his arms about. "Who be ye that ye ar' sorry fur Three Ace Jim?"

"I'm Four Ace Jack," replied the other as he pulled a gun and touched the stranger's nose with the muzzle, "and as four aces allus beats three I reckon ye'd better travel!"

"Say," said the man from Grizzly Gulch after a long look around, "I've got pressin' business over at Cedar City, and if this yer crowd will kindly excuse me I'll be goin'!"

We watched him until he was half a mile away—watched him, with no man speaking a word. Then the man with the gun restored it to its holster and started back for the saloon with the muttered exclamation: "Bah! He was only a duffer."

Obliging a Schoolma'am.

A schoolma'am had arrived at the frontier town to begin her duties, and the dozen men who saw her get out of the stage and enter the hotel agreed that she was young and good looking; also that she was probably nervous, and that the boys hadn't ought to do any shooting on that first night and keep her awake. The girl was at supper when Bill Green entered the room, cap in hand, introduced himself, and added: "Thar's a critter in town named Joe Goss, and I've said I'd shoot him on sight. Bein as it might disturb ye, however, I'll put the shootin' off fur a day or two."

The schoolma'am thanked him with all her heart, and he withdrew, but she had only retired to the sitting room when Bill reappeared to say: "Thar's a duffer in town who says he kin make me eat dirt. Hev ye any objections to my standin' up to him?"

"Would there be a quarrel?" she asked.

"Sartinly, ma'am."

"And shootin'?"

"Of course."

"Then I wish you wouldn't."

"All right, ma'am, all right. Fur yer sake I'll let him bluff me tonight and pop him tomorrow."

She expressed her deep sense of obligation, and he retired, but ten minutes later he re-entered to say: "A galoot named Jim Wheelan has sent me word that he kin break me in two and will be along purty soon to do it. Would ye mind if I lit on to him?"

"Would it be a fight?" she asked.

"Yes, a powerful fight."

"Then, I hope you won't."

"All right, ma'am, all right. I've litus bin a gentleman and allus hope to be."

She thought she had seen the last of Bill for that night, but she hadn't. She was being shown to her room when he met her in the hall and anxiously said: "Thar's a wall eyed heathen out yere who needs shootin', but I won't do it tonight on account of ye. I'd like to ax ye, however, if I might take three drinks at the bar?"

"But you might get drunk."

"Oh, no. I'll take three drinks and then fling my hat down and jump on it."

"But no quarreling."

"No, ma'am. I'll jump on my hat and hoot, and some cuss will tackle me, and I'll chaw his ears off and gouge his eye out, and ye won't hear a sound or lose a wink of sleep. All right, ma'am, all right, and things shall go off as slick as grease, or I'll kill five or six men and know the reason why."

Buying Off a Road Agent.

After Arizona Bill had held up three or four of the stages on the Deadwood line the manager sent word to him to meet him at a certain point for a business talk, and both were on hand at the appointed hour.

"Look here, Bill," began the manager, "how much are you making out of this deal?"

"Just fair wages," replied Bill. "I think I got about \$600 off the four

stages, and that's nothing to brag about. Some of the boys on the other lines are raising \$1,000 at a clip. It's a poor lot of passengers you are sending out, colonel."

"They are afraid to travel with money, and this thing has got to stop. The sheriff says he can hunt you down in a week."

"He's a duffer, colonel, and you know it. He can't hunt me down in a year."

"But I can hire four or five men to track you down and kill you."

"You can hire 'em, of course, but they'd want big pay, and then they might not find me. Take it all around, colonel, I've got the bulge on your line. None of the drivers can shoot for shucks, and as for the passengers, they couldn't hit a red barn a rod off. It's a reg'lar soft snap for me."

"Say, Bill," continued the colonel after awhile, "you've always had the reputation of being a square cuss."

"Yes, I reckon I hev."

"And I want you to be square about this matter. I'm willing to meet you half way."

"As to how?"

"As to buying you off. How much'll you take to let our line alone?"

"Cash down and no dodges?"

"Yes."

"Must I let every stage pass?"

"You must. What's your figure, Bill? Make it as low as you can."

"Waal, colonel," said Bill, after thinking it over, "I've got a purty good thing of it, but I don't want to act mean or play the hog. Gimme \$700, and I'll haul off."

"Make it \$500, Bill, to oblige me personally."

"Waal, say \$500 then, though it's dog cheap. It's only fur your line, though?"

"Only my line, and here's your money, and I shall expect you to stick to the agreement."

Bill vowed that he would, and he did—that is, the first time he tried to hold up a stage on the opposition line he was riddled with buckshot and buried alongside the road.

M. QUAD.

THE CHECK SYSTEM.

An English Visitor Tells the People About the American Way.

The American constitution has been called a system of checks. So in American life. When you want to travel, you give your baggage to the porter of your hotel, and he gives you a check in return. At the station you reclaim it with the check and pass it in at a counter and receive another check. As you approach your destination another functionary comes along the train, takes your check and gives you another check in its place. He fishes out your baggage and conveys it to your hotel—for a consideration. You have left your third and last check at the office of the hotel when you enter it, and thence it is delivered up on receipt of the baggage.

At first you bless this arrangement as the salvation of the traveler. After a few weeks of it the tyranny of the check becomes so galling that you begin to long for the fine old English method of dumping down your goods in front of a porter and leaving them to find the way themselves. You would even hail it as a personal triumph if some of your baggage would get lost. But it never does. Sometimes it arrives late, but it always arrives.

Yet it seldom arrives in the shape in which it started, if that is any consolation. They who have to do with baggage see to that. You very soon discover why Americans carry their goods in ironclad trunks, and why it is madness for anybody to do anything else. I started out, like an idiot, with a new leather portmanteau. They ripped the stout brass lock off the first week—not for plunder, apparently, but simply because it is the tradition of the service. They punched it and kicked and danced on it. In softer hours, when literary inspiration came, they wrote on it. My portmanteau today is an epitome of the political sentiment of the United States from New York to San Francisco. As a historical document it is beyond price, and I am contemplating the gift of it to the library of congress at Washington. As a portmanteau it has both feet in the grave.

The system of checks is not confined to travelers' luggage. The conductor of the train passes carelessly to and fro asking for your ticket and giving you a check in return, or asking for your check and returning your ticket. If you hand your stick to a boy in a hotel while you write your name in the register, he dashes off to stow it away in some secret place and returns triumphant with a check. In the very hotel bar, when you buy sevenpence ha'porth of whisky you get a check and walk two yards across the bar to pay at a desk.

But the apotheosis of the check is at Niagara. When you go down to the Cave of the Winds, you strip off all your clothes and leave them, as well as your valuables, in a tin box with the attendant. Then you go down to battle with the cataract attired only in a suit of pyjamas, a suit of oilskins and a check lashed around your neck and rising and falling with the beating of your heart. No wonder the American speaks of death as "handing in his checks." It is only by death that he can rid himself of them.—London Mail.

The Minstrel's Mistake.

He was a merry troubadour,
And his heart was filled with love
For a maiden fair beyond compare,
Who dwelt six blocks above.

The night was dark, the winds were cold,
But the minstrel's heart was gay
As he paused before that silent door
And trilled his happy lay.

The music of his tuneful lute
Rose on the frigid air,
He praised with sighs his darling's eyes
And the color of her hair.

He sang in mellow monotone
Of her form with grace bedight
And prayed that she with ecstasy
Would dream of him that night.

Then suddenly the moon o'er all
A swift effulgence sent,
And very plain on the window pane
He saw the words, "For Rent."

—New York Sunday Journal.

No miracle

about them—they are simply the result of a fitting study and practice by the one man in America who is best qualified to treat diseases of the stomach and bowels.

Dr. Deane's Dyspepsia Pills.

after each meal. Your stomach, liver, and bowel troubles will disappear. White wrapper if constipated, yellow if bowels are loose.

DR. J. A. DEANE CO., Kingston, N. Y.

SHORT OF BRICKS.

That Was Murphy's Dilemma, But He Was a Man of Ideas.

Two rival contractors, Casey and Murphy, were putting up rows of houses on different sides of a down town street. One afternoon Murphy discovered that he was running short of bricks and that the men would have to knock off work for the rest of the day unless a fresh supply could be obtained. Now, Casey, on the other side of the street, was well supplied with bricks, and his men were working like beavers. So Murphy went over to Casey and said: "Dan, Oi've run out o' bricks. Lind me the loan av about foive hun'erd, an Oi'll give thim back to ye tomorrow." But Casey was in a bad humor, and he wouldn't lend a single brick. "Oi'll git aven wid ye fur that, Dan Casey," said Murphy, and he went back to his men.

"Min," said he, "we're short o' bricks. Now, Casey's men are wurkin stiddy, but if we don't git some av his bricks we'll have to knock off. So do ye all sthay here while Oi go up above in this buildin, an when Oi yell three questions to ye, do ye all answer 'Yis.' D'ye see?"

"All right, boss," said the men. So Murphy went up into the unfinished house and yelled:

"Are ye all down there, min?"

"Yis," replied the men.

"Are ye all wurkin?"

"Yis."

"Do ye all belong to the A. P. A.?"

"Yis."

And in two minutes the 500 bricks came over.—Philadelphia Record.

In Chicago.



Little Girl—Let's play we's married.
Little Boy—No. Let's play we's divorced.

Little Girl—No, we'll play we's married. We'll play we's divorced tomorrow.—New York Journal.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

When a girl says she's glad she isn't a man, you may be pretty sure she's bewitched or something.

St. Peter couldn't have been married. If he had been, he wouldn't have the heart to keep any married man out of heaven.

It always makes a man mad to have his wife start to read over a lot of old fool letters he wrote her before they were married.

To a good many people home means a place where the husband can sit and smoke in his shirt sleeves and where the wife can go around with no corset on.

The reason why women are always so interested in a bride is because the married ones are wondering whether she knows as much as they do, and the unmarried ones are wondering whether they know as much as she does.—New York Press.

The Acme of Irish Wit.

Lately, while an auctioneer was disposing of a bankrupt tobacconist's stock, he was interrupted by a half tipsy Irishman with, "Oi bought a poipe from yez last night for a shilling that's worth only sixpence."

"I'll believe that, Pat," replied the auctioneer, who fancied himself witty. "If you tell me who my father is, I will give you back the shilling."

"The father of loies, you chating spalpeen," readily exclaimed Pat.—Scottish Nights.

No Mystery.

Smith—I heard a queer thing the other day. A man said that a pig would drink a large pail of milk and then you could put him in the same pail and he wouldn't fill it.

Jones—I don't doubt it. I knew a man once that drank up a \$10,000 saw-mill, and then we put him in a pine box.—Brooklyn Life.

She Preferred the New Style.

He was a gentleman of the old school. "Permit me," he said.

Then he kissed her hand.

"Well, say," she exclaimed with some emphasis, as if something had occurred to provoke her, "there's nothing poisonous in the face powder I use."—Chicago Post.

ROANOKE STREET RAILWAY

SCHEDULE

IN EFFECT OCTOBER 21, 1896.

Crystal Springs via H. H. Park		Franklin Road.		West End		O Spring via Wall St. & M. St.	
Leave Union Depot.	Leave Crystal Springs	Leave Terry Building.	Ly Highland Avenue	Leave Union Depot	Leave H. H. and Bolender	Leave Union Depot.	Leave Crystal Sg.
A M 8:40	A M 9:00	A M 8:50	A M 9:00	A M 9:03	A M 9:00	A M 6:40	A M 7:00
10:00	9:50	9:30	9:40	9:40	10:00	7:30	7:40
10:10	10:00	10:10	10:00	10:30	10:40	8:00	8:30
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East Roanoke							
Leave Terry Building.	Leave Lynchburg.	Leave Union Depot.	Leave Norwich.	Leave Vinton.			
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